

The Saturday Review

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

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No. 45.

The Opening of the House

"Please don't write about a 'galaxy of brains,'" said the reporter next seat to mine, in the press gallery at the opening of the House, on Thursday afternoon, as while the dog "Kelly," the new mascot of the Gallery grinned a knowing grin. Better things to write about than frocks and beautiful women creations, he seemed to insinuate. Tell about the human interest business going on below. Tell about the aching heart. Write about disappointed Would-Bes for Cabinet positions. Read the riddles of some of the faces. Consider the Sphinx well, he'll take a bit of knowing. Let the frocks wait. And this is what I saw.

Mr. McArthur, the newly-elected member for Glenora, rocking gently away by his lonesome in his chair. I think this grey-haired man, in the blue serge suit, is an early bird. He caught our dear friend Riley, and like the lucky bird believes in being early in his place.

The Lieutenant-Governor was a trifle late and several little by-plays took place in the interim.

A good many seats have been shifted. Mr. Cushing experienced considerable difficulty in finding the new one, down among the just-plain members, assigned to him. In fact he was perplexed, what's more, showed it.

Mr. Rutherford, on the contrary, walked to his new seat, just back of this old one, like a man. It was a dramatic moment. As he passed the new Premier, Mr. Sifton displayed that tact of which we have heard so much. There was a warm handshake, a deprecating smile. On-lookers felt that the right thing had been done. Mr. Rutherford has a great many warm friends.

It was amusing to watch the three new members of the Cabinet, the Premier, Attorney-General, Provincial Secretary, balancing on the corners awaiting the Lieutenant-Governor, like three naughty school-boys, afraid to take their seats.

Across the floor, Mr. Bennett tilted back and forth, surveying the scene. Richard is no longer head boy, having done a pretty, modest bit of acting earlier in the day, and in his place, sits a tall, unpretentious-looking man, who doesn't play-act a particle, but whom his admirers say will make 'em walk some. I don't know, but he has curly hair, and wore the only frock-coat in the House.

Where did Mr. Speaker get the interesting, small pair of white gloves?

"What pretty hands he must have!" whispered the man next me. But no one solved the riddle, for the white tokens of a blameless life or whatever else they are supposed to represent, rested in their original wrinkles, resting in the whole of the proceedings.

Mr. Cornwall was busy fussing over the ladies. It is a new role for James K.

The Hon. Mr. Marshall, Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. Woolf, had a little act all to themselves when she introduced Hon. Mr. Sifton, the Hon. Mr. Mitchell, and the Hon. Mr. McLean to Mr. Speaker. Mr. Marshall spoke a little set speech that sounded like a marriage litaney, while Mr. Woolf rested his hand lightly on the newly-elected speaker like a guard or warder, at the conclusion of which the Speaker did a sort of "Bless you, my child" performance, and shook the new Member by the hand.

"Take your seat," he commanded, and the recent additions to the ranks at once obeyed.

Mr. Michener did as much for Mr. Patterson—a farmer candidate—but evidently Conservative on at least one leg.

The Lieutenant-Governor, in his gay Windsor uniform, read his Speech from the Throne with great gusto, and Lieut. Kenneth Mackenzie looked very smart as His Honor's Aide.

It is an uninteresting ceremony in one way, this formal opening of the

House, but this year there was a significant note of expectancy in the act. Following the Speech from the Throne, the new Premier laid on the table of the House the report of the Royal Commission into the much-talked-of Alberta and Great Waterway Railway deal.

Such a little bit of fools-cap to hold such potentialities! The overthrow of a strong government, the wrecked hopes, yes and lives, of at least one or two men. Not to say anything of plots and mischief-making, and dear knows what other unpleasant things into the bargain. And all to what end? This session should tell. A biento.

But "Kelly" can't have it all his own way. To the Ladies—whom I have neglected too long.

Never has there been such a brilliant showing of frocks, and smart women. On the floor of the House at the sides, in the Members' chairs, they shone forth with a glory and a gorgeousness utterly unprecedented. The entrance of Mrs. Sifton and her guests caused quite a stir.

Mrs. Sifton looked as slim and girlish as a girl of seventeen, in a pale blue and white foulard, frock with black pipings and tiny buttons, a corsage bouquet of pink roses, rich ermine stole and muff, and a great black silk hat with two coquettish pink roses.

With her was her daughter, Mrs. Clarke Dennis, in a striking Parisian gown of some soft black material

little bonnet with dainty white ties and Mrs. Smith, of Calgary, in an elegant toilette of black and silver over white, with superb lace and a fashionable black capeau.

Mrs. Marshall was very much admired, her gown of bronze-green velvet with gold very much in evidence and a jaunty turban of black with touches of apple green and a fine willow plume, being most becoming, and further enhanced with some splendid mink furs.

Here and there I noticed: Mrs. Cross, a strikingly smart little figure in black, with a pleated white lace jabot and stunning seal furs; Mrs. Beck in tiny black and white checked silk, with a black turban with

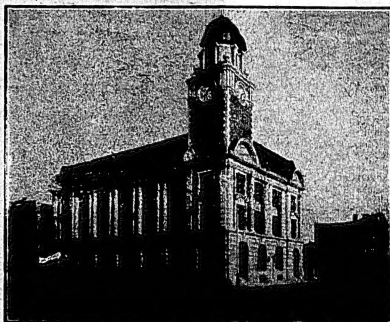
blue opera cloak and a fashionable black and white capeau; Mrs. McKenny in mauve hat and suit with black Persian lamb furs; Mrs. Frank Walker in a rose-colored gown and ermine turban; Mrs. Harry Cooper in a white costume and stunning hat; Mrs. M. J. McLeod, in black and white striped suit, and a black velvet turban and white fox furs; Mrs. Nichols, and Mrs. Stocks.

PEGGY.

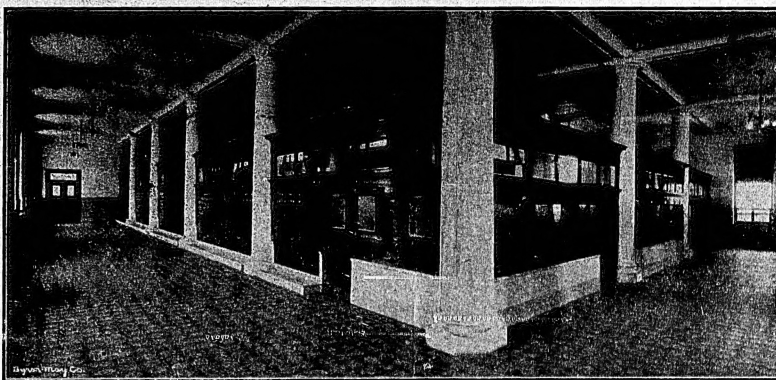
A BUSINESS CHANGE

For nearly a year back The Saturday News has had an arrangement with The Daily Capital, by which both papers were issued from the

Edmonton's New Post Office



Exterior View, showing Imperial Bank, and Mortlake Block on either side.



The handsome corridor, which most citizens saw for the first time on Monday morning, when the building was thrown open for business.

with a little quilted double collar of white lace and a great black beaver hat with plumes and a knot of royal blue velvet, and some fine jet jewels.

Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Sisley and Mrs. Van Wart, all of Calgary, followed. Mrs. Nolan, was looking stunning in a gown of palest mauve dotted crepe, with some exquisite cream lace, a large black picture hat and some fine mink furs.

Mrs. Sisley wore an exquisite toilette of striped white satin, with quantities of lovely Spanish lace, a huge white beaver hat, swathed in lace with willow plumes, pearl jewels, and ermine furs.

Mrs. Van Wart was beautifully frocked and looking very attractive in a modish gown of black, with a dream of a black beaver hat, faced with white, some magnificent white fox furs, and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Mitchell, the Attorney-General's wife, was very smartly gowned, wearing a pale blue gown in some sheer, soft material, with touches of gold, some fine lace, and, a large black silk beaver hat with gold cord and handsome white willow plumes, with a modish black and white scarf. With her was Mr. Mitchell's mother, a charming old lady, as pretty as a picture in black with a smart

plumes and jet ornaments; Madame Cote, a picture in black velvet relieved with pale blue velvet and white lace, a sweet little turban of pale blue velvet and forget-me-not flowers, a white oversky, and fine ermine furs; Mrs. Baldwin, in richest silver grey satin with very handsome silver and gold passementerie, and gold net, and a black hat with a coil of gold net and plumes; Mrs. Metcalfe, in lovely heliotrope satin, with hat en suite; Mrs. Swaisland, in pretty mauve, with a mink turban; Mrs. E. G. Palmer, in black; Mrs. Brunt; Mrs. Cornwall, in peacock green silk crepe de chine, with a large black hat and exquisite bouquet of violets and lilies;—the valley; Mrs. Morris in black and white shepherd's plaid, with a jaunty black hat with fringe; Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie in softest green, with a darker green turban; Mrs. Ponton; Mrs. Ewing; Mrs. Jefferson; Mrs. Smith, of Camrose, in a fetching grey gown with touches of lace and pink, and a wine-colored velvet hat with an embroidered band on the brim; Mrs. Donald MacDonald in white with a magnificent lace coat and a huge white hat with silver jewelled band on the brim, sweeping white plumes and aigrette; Miss Kerr, of Cochrane, in a pretty light colored gown, with a pale

same office, while several members of the editorial and business staffs had duties in connection with each publication. This has now been terminated and henceforth they will be conducted as wholly separate enterprises. Mr. A. B. Wae will devote his time henceforth entirely to this paper having disposed of his interest in the Capital. The business office will be found after this week in the building one door north of that where it is at present located. The general printing business will be conducted as formerly in connection with The Saturday News.

It is the intention of the management to introduce very considerable changes in the near future, which will, they believe, enhance very largely the prestige and usefulness of the paper. In the five years of its existence there is no question that it has created for itself a very distinct field in the life of the city and province, and with the great expansion that is going on at this time it is expected that it will, in the future, be able to devote itself solely to its work that the business transaction referred to has been effected.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Another session of the Legislature of the province is in progress. That it will match that of last winter in stirring incidents is hardly likely, but there are bound to be sufficient elements of interest to rivet public attention to a very considerable extent on its proceedings. At last we know the findings of the commission investigating the Alberta and Great Waterways transaction. But as the documents are not small affairs and they have been made public just as the Saturday News is being prepared for the press, a detailed examination of them must be deferred till another issue.

Generally speaking, the verdict was exactly what was expected. Absolutely no evidence was presented to show that members of the government stood to profit by the bargain and all three judges report that the members of the late administration are quite free from the imputations to this effect which were made so freely during the agitation of the early part of the year. Justices Scott and Harvey analyze certain features of the bargain which they believe might reasonably entail suspicion. It was not part of their duty to consider whether the arrangement was a wise one or not, but they enter into this question, assuming that if the terms were not in the interests of the province, those responsible for them might be regarded as acting from improper motives. With all due respect to their Lordships, this strikes one as rather a large assumption. We are not prepared to admit that

many develop the requisite qualities for success in the position which he assumes, second in importance only to that of the Premier. The spectacle of Mr. Bennett endeavoring to impose upon himself the measure of restraint that is in keeping with the role of a Lieutenant is bound to be the moving feature of the whole legislative show.

The Democratic landslide came off in the States, quite according to the forecasts of the political wisemen. For the first time since the early nineties, the party will have a majority in the House of Representatives. Not only this, but it has elected its governors by large majorities not only in states which are all times undoubted ground, like New York and New Jersey, but in Republican strongholds such as Massachusetts, Connecticut and Ohio. The defeat of Roosevelt's nominee in New York is taken by some to mean his eclipse. This is too hasty a conclusion. The Democratic majority in that state in a distinctly Democratic year, is not large. It would have been very much greater if the ex-president had not jumped into the fray. From 1878 to 1894, it should be remembered, no Republican governors were chosen. Roosevelt himself in 1898 only had about 6000 majority and O'Dell in 1902 less than that. These elections were held in the pit of Democratic depression, too, it should be remembered.

More significant than that in New York are the results in Ohio and Massachusetts. Up to recently the Republicans considered the former impregnable. Governor Harmon, attorney-general in Cleveland's last administration, was returned two years ago, but this was mainly the result of a factional fight at a time when the party at large was chiefly interested in the presidential result. This year the Republican strength was largely centred on an effort to prevent Mr. Taft's own state giving a verdict against him. Members of his Cabinet have been stamping Ohio for weeks past, a most unusual thing, yet the former governor has been successful. His victory makes him, for the time being at least, the most likely Democratic nominee for the presidency in 1912.

Massachusetts was swept by Mr. Foss on the tariff issue. He was formerly a leading Republican but crossed over on becoming convinced that the time was ripe for a large increase of fiscal freedom. Here is a particularly ardent advocate of throwing down the tariff barriers against Canadian products and has adopted the reasonable attitude that before the United States can expect any large measure of success in its reciprocity negotiations with Canada it must first of all lower its general tariff to a point somewhere near the level of that imposed by its neighbor. His striking victory is bound to give a big impetus to the movement for reasonable schedules.

Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, has by redeeming New Jersey, placed himself next to Judson Harmon of Ohio, as a presidential possibility. By his campaign he has badly discounted the long-accepted axiom that the scholar has no place in politics. He has long been in the forefront of the nation's intellectual life and it is a refreshing sign of the times that a man of his calibre can be advanced to the position which he will henceforth occupy in the political field.

It is a great pity that the experiment, which has been under trial in Britain, of having the leaders of the two parties come together in an effort to reach points of agreement and so hasten public business, has proven a failure. The truce, which has been observed during the conference, is at an end and the political heater will soon be on fire again. The feeling is that another general election is inevitable. All depends, of course, on the extent to which the government is able to hold the Irish and Labor members in line.

GREATEST CURE FOR RHEUMATISM IS "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

"I Honestly Believe It,"
says Mr. Mills

Knowlton, P.Q., Oct. 12th, 1909.

For many years I suffered from severe Rheumatism and the attacks were very distressing and prevented me from doing my ordinary work.

I tried many remedies and physicians' treatments but nothing seemed to do me much good, and I was becoming very anxious for fear I would become a permanent cripple from Rheumatism.

I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and this medicine has entirely cured me, and I honestly believe that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Rheumatism Cure in the world.

E. E. MILLS,
Asst. P.M., Knowlton, Que.

"Fruit-a-tives" not only strengthens and heals the kidneys—but also regulates the bowels, improves the action of the skin—and thus keeps the blood pure and rich and free from uric acid which causes Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-tives"—the great fruit medicine—is sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 (trial size, 25c) or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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nections at Montreal for all points
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Mr. Mills

Long ago I clipped this little bit of verse in that delightful publication The Youth's Companion. It is by an old friend, J. W. Foley, and, like all his child verse, inimitable. Do you ever look in the Mirror for verses, or stop to think what time and care I spend in making the selections? At least read this one—for have not you and I been like that "prisoned pupil," and do we not still beat against the bars?

The Prisoned Pupil

She kept him after school when aw'd
the buds
Were singing sweetly in the woods
an' words
Kood not describe his sufferin's. thr-
fare
Was full ur blossoms an' the xth was
Ecksp't to himm. becaws he did no
no
An' when he hured us cloas the dore
the tears
Roll'd down his cheeks an' he lived
muny years
In just a single ovr. it was like
sum
Old torture ur sum krewel martur
dum,

How kood he study when he knew
that we
Were goen gayly homeward glad an'
free,
While he was kept a prizener becaws
He did not know war venna zweels
was.
An when he thot ur how weere an
too go
In swimmen aftur skool his griet
an wo
Was almost more than he could bare
an yet
She sturnly kept him thare and wood
not let
Him leav his seet altho he felt he
must
An so she bowed his spearut in the
dust.

An stur that its too late to play
She lookt at him in such a skornful
way
As tho he was a krimmle and sed
He mite go home. his prowd an hot-
ty del
Was bent with greef an he went slo-
ly ovr
The skoolroom dore and then lookt
ayl about
Az the released from prizen an the
brand

Uv sin was moar than he kood stand.
An he went slowly homeward down
with shaim
O liburty the krimes dun in thi
nam.

When were you born?
I don't care a twopenny bit my-
self, but the Great Aim Society do.
L. L. L. Book store they will tell
you all about it. It's this way.
Though your parents never had the
common decency to ask you when
you would prefer to be born, the
month, and the stars, and oh a lot
of things enter into the question, and
really make it very unpleasant for one.

Now, I was born in September.
Quiet, pleasant, equable month to all
outward appearance. Golden grain
lovely twilights, peace and plenty,
everything going smoothly, but hark
what the fortune book tells you
should be done to children born in
this sweet autumn month!
The words are so full of wisdom
so subtle, sooth, who shall I say?
—Never mind, let me just quote:
"They should be taught music, as
this promotes harmony, and will help
them in many ways."

"Mothers should teach these children
from babyhood not to find fault
or criticize, as this fault will always
keep them back unless conquered."
"People born during this month
should not interfere with other people's
affairs. They are as a rule
rather wild tempestuous natures."

I learn we are not happy alone, al-
though we surround ourselves with
pictures and luxuries, trying to still
the cry for companionship."
I hear with regret that we "are
usually intemperate in eating and
drinking, that we are exciting, and
not so pick people as we should be."
That we are "torrids and imita-
tors of our rich friends, selfish
and full of vain ambition, and a great
deal more to the same effect. Be-
tween ourselves, that we are entire-
ly a bad lot. Still there are little
guidelines to direct us to success
that make me hope we are not utterly
lost. What could be more plausible
than this "Persons born in this
month should not take strong drugs
or have much to do with physicians."

Never had, when I could help it—bad
lot, drugs and physicians. Still I
don't absolutely object to the "be-
lieve they're really good-looking." "Win-
ners pick month should not work
for others, but should have estab-
lishments of their own as soon as
possible."

Hear! Hear! I'm sure you can
help it—never-perish the thought—
"never work for others."
"The women should wear a ring
with pinkish Jasper stone, opal or ves-
per pearl and the men a scarf pin
containing the same stone."

Can anyone lend me such a ring?
I feel sure, since reading the above,
that had some kind relative furnished
me early in life with such a talisman-
that my life might have taken a bet-
ter, nobler turning, I have always
wondered why I liked opals and

pearls. Now I know it is my
FATE.
We are happiest, the wee book
states, "when married to a bright
cheery mate, who will never dare
to insult him or day after day."
Isn't that queer? Wouldn't you
naturally think we'd prefer a great
tyrant of a man who would make our
lives miserable? Evidently, at least
we are persons of taste, which is
something.

I see the men of this month of-
ten excel as newspaper writers.
One on me. Never mind. I at least
can run a better Wonder. Shon.
Doesn't say anything about that in
the pamphlet.

I know now, of course, where I
made my fatal error. We September
women "should marry a man born in
August, May or March." I didn't, so
of course nobody could expect me to
accomplish anything after that.
There are other "bon mots" in this
flaming, red covered booklet. Get
one for yourself and see what Fate
has doled out for you.

And now for lunch—where I trust
I find no temptations to follow
otherwise—I shall for once, attack
the viands—with temperance.

THE WONDER SHOP

"And still they gazed, and still the
wonder grew,
How one can read could carry
all she knew."

I have been turning over in my
mind for a week or so, what verse
heading I should place over the
Wonder Shop. I have a weakness
for couplets, particularly if they're
pat. Often when things go wrong
with the Home and Society—rather
with my viewpoint of them—I take
the greatest moral consolation in the
fact that I have saved myself, so to
speak, in the explanation, at the be-
ginning that I am merely a by-
stander, viewing affairs as best I can
from the side.

People in the actual scurrage, of
course, see a great deal that is lost
to the crowd. For myself though I
have long ago ceased to exist in be-
ing in the thick of the fight. Give me
a little side shell where I can view
the fun, and I want nothing else from
you.

Wonders grow apace. Very like
a toboggan slide after a few tobog-
gans have smoothed the way. Hus-
bands complain to me that their
wives are wasting a great deal of va-
luable time over my speculations.
"My"—would you listen to the in-
justice of it!

Wives again declare that they never
knew what curious men they mar-
ried. Until I opened up the Wonder
Shop. So you see it is all a mad ex-
periment, a good deal of fun, and the
Saturday News flourishing like the
proverbial bay tree.

"Everybody wonders, for instance,
what this lively journal is going to
do now that it has cast off its daily
brother. Well, dear Children, very
much, only better, as we did before
the infant paper was launched. I have
said I disliked scurrages—getting
too old for them—and the daily paper
is a scurrage, rustic, hasty, bustling
from morning until night with never
a space to breathe between. That we
kept the ball going so briskly is proof
sufficient that we're not on the re-
tired list yet, and—our present am-
bition is a brown-stone house—a very
small one would do, a few powdered
footmen to carry our weekly copy to
the office—and a lively gossip with
you once every seven days. Do drop
in."

People are wondering what side
they will do every Thursday after-
noon from 4.30 till 6.
They are wondering if by their
calls are appreciated.
They are wondering how she man-
ages to carry it on and keep her so-
lita position at the same time.
They are wondering where they get
the money to do it.

They are wondering which side
of the fence the cat will jump, and if
some rail-artist won't get badly
stung if they pause too long in taking
the fence.

She wonders if under a person was
so harassed by undesirable relations,
and if people won't please be kind
and avoid confusing their identities.
They don't know if it's quite the
proper thing, but their wonder have
ing got the best of them they have
decided to see it through.

They wonder if the public would
stand for "Mrs. Dane's Defense."
She wonders if dogs are included in
a tea invitation, or if the words "No
dogs expected" on her card, would
sever their friendship.
People wonder what you can men
who take Elaine for a model.
They wonder who will be the first
victim.

while less spicy and full of flavor,
wouldn't make her more friends.
They wonder where they have all
gone to.

They wonder if she'll be asked to
pack her trunk under the circum-
stances.

They wonder if the residents of
Twenty-first street know what distin-
guished neighbors they can now
claim.

People are wondering what their
next plausible lie will be.
Everybody wonders who ever told
her that she could sing.

Everybody wonders what are the
rigs and wrongs of it, and why a
chap of his ability doesn't pull him-
self together and make a man of him-
self.

Everybody wonders who is going
to call.
It is a matter of wonderment who
is the worst snob in Edmonton.
They wonder how many rounds
there will be in the Potter-Lee prize
fight.

When Mrs. — meets Mr. L. —
we wonder what she'll say to him.

PEGGY.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

O God of Years, the Earth is full of
Thy Plenitude,
The fields lie pleasant in the sunlight,
The pregnant seed of the shy, new
days of Spring,
Has fallen in kindly places;
The white noons of Summer have
smiled upon the young, green
plants,
The rains and dews of evening have
kissed them;
And now Thou hast graciously sent
the golden days of Harvest
When the desires of every living thing
are satisfied.

Rivers, as they flow oceanward, sing
to Thee,
The great heart of the Sea beats with
gratitude,
The strength of the ancient hills is
for Thy Praise;
The voice of the solemn pines,
The sun and sky, the yearning breasts
of Night,
Home-songs of birds, the multitude
of white-souled stars ashine,
The swift, wild tunes of the wind—
All these are praising Thee.
And we, Thy humble and contrite
servants,
Bow before Thee with hearts of
Thanksgiving;
We are mindful of Thy loving kin-
dness.

For the laughter upon our lips,
For the passionate joy of Life with-
in us,
For Love, the strange, wonderful ar-
tifice of our souls,
We bless Thee, O God!
For Justice, and Virtue, and Honor
and Peace,
For the hearted men in authority,
For a vast, pulsating, victorious
Country,
We bless Thee, O God!

And if there be pain and anguish,
If the shadow of grief lies gray upon
us,
If the inscrutable Chance of the fu-
ture years
Bears in its womb aught of misery,
And the travail be bitterness and
shame,
Have mercy upon us, O God!

O God of Years, the Earth is full of
Thy Plenitude,
And we, Thy humble and contrite
servants,
Bow before Thee, with hearts of
Thanksgiving.
—EMERY POTTLE.

GLAD TIDINGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA

Sure Relief For Suffering Women
is Found in Dodd's Kidney Pills

Miss Kathleen Murphy, tells how
she suffered and how easy and
complete was her cure by the
great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tangier Mines, Halifax Co., N.S.
November 12.—(Special)—There is
no longer any doubt that of the thou-
sands of suffering women of Canada,
nine out of every ten owe their trou-
bles to Kidney Disease. For that
reason it is glad tidings that Miss
Kathleen Murphy of this place is
sending word to her suffering sisters,
"My troubles started from a cold,"
says Miss Murphy in an interview, "I
had pain in my head and back, and
Rheumatism and Diabetes finally de-
veloped."

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills and they cleared out my
Rheumatism, cured my Kidney Dis-
eases and brought back my health."
"I would not be without Dodd's
Kidney Pills for I have given them
a thorough test, and found them to be
all that is claimed for them."

The secret of health for women is to
keep the Kidneys strong and healthy.
The Healthy Kidneys mean pure
blood, abundant energy and a clear,
healthy complexion. The one sure
way to keep the kidneys healthy is
to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Brass-Craft

the new Art Work, represents a most
delightful combination of the prime re-
quisites of artistic beauty, permanence
and simplicity. You can do it. Materials
are inexpensive and the work is extremely
fascinating. Come in
and see our Brass-
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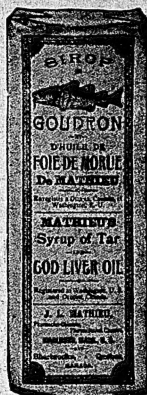
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Stops the Cough and Builds up the System



When you are all "run down" you catch cold easily, and your cough "hangs on". By taking

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

you not only cure the local trouble but also permanently strengthen the whole body.

The Beech Tar in the Syrup is soothing and healing while the Cod Liver Oil stimulates the appetite and increases the weight and bodily vigor. Both are united in the pleasant tasting syrup.

The most successful Cough Remedy known today is Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil.

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Absolutely smokeless and odorless

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The Perfection Oil Heater has an automatic-locking flame spreader, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged and can be unscrewed in an instant for reworking. The Perfection Oil Heater is finished in Japan or nickel, is strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of

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MOVING PICTURES IN CACTUS CENTRE

The cactus game in Cactus has been boosted quite a spell. By a gent with moving pictures and he played the show game well. But he had himself sure tangled, and the uplift game was messed. When he tried to show, drummer of the palpitating West.

The hall was filled with punches when he tuned up his machine. And showed us what was labeled a real Wild Western scene. There was mountains in the background, which was real enough perhaps. But you oughter seen them actors that cavorted round in chaps!

We stood it without knockin' till a bronc drifts in the play. And the cowboy and his sweetheart make their wedding getaway. Then we groan in chorus and wail, and we turn just where we sit. And it only takes one valley to reduce the lamp to bits.

Then we sought the frightened owner, and we pays the damage done. But we mentioned him hereafter nary western film to run. "Cause," we say, "it makes us nervous—say, we may say, perved and cross—"

When we see an actor cowboy mount the wrong side of his horse!—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republic.

Why is it that bachelor makes seeking quarters in the new apartment houses, always ask if they can't have Suite Sixteen?

This is the latest incident related to illustrate Southern prejudice. He was a New Yorker visiting in South Carolina, and he had entered up to a native sitting in front of the general store and began a conversation.

"Have you heard about the new manner in which the planters are going to pick their cotton this year?" he inquired.

"Don't believe I have," answered the other. "Well, they have decided to import a lot of monkeys to do the picking," rejoined the New Yorker. "Monkeys learn rapidly. They are thorough workers, and obviously they will save their employers a small fortune otherwise expended in wages."

"Yes," ejaculated the native, "and about the time this monkey brigade is beginning to work smoothly a lot of you foul Northerners will come tearing down here and set 'em free."

Many stories are being told of the late Hon. D. C. Fraser, of Nova Scotia.

On one occasion Mr. Borden referring on the subject of "Corporal Punishment." He was opposed to it. "Why," said he, "do you know that the worst whipping I ever got was for telling the truth?"

"But it cured you, Duncan, didn't it?" called out a voice from the rear of the hall, probably from one of Duncan's political opponents, or from a friend who did not mind having a joke at Duncan's expense.

All readers of Walt Mason's prose poems will be at least interested in the following: heavenly maid, was young, no sweeter diaphanous were sung than Old Walt Mason sings in it, about an ornery bawle of hay. When Orpheus played upon his lyre he put a charm in man and brute; the same enchantment works today when Mason sings a bale of hay.

Homer smote his blooming lyre he turned some times that I admire; but who would hear old Homer play when Walt intones a bale of hay? When lovely woman stoops to folly and finds too late that men betray: what charm can soothe her melancholy? Why Mason and a bale of hay. The harp that once through Tara's halls, in whangs played out on Tara's walls, but Mason sweeps the strings today and yodels of a bale of hay. How thinking to the modern ears appears the music of the spheres! Compare it to a roundelay by Mason on a bale of hay! You talk about the pipes of Pan; the Great God was an also ran. Hast ever heard that hard outer Walt Mason, sing a bale of hay?—A bawle of hay, a bale of hay, a common Kansas bale of hay?

The limitations of the linotype, it might be mentioned, is contra to the reader to supply the accent to the word used as an epithet to "bard."

The Saintly Goller

(Mr. Balfour is reported to have

said: "Boschee" recently in a golfing match, on missing a shot.)

Oft have I watched with the feisured crowd Who hack the turf upon some grassy plot.

And lisped while aloud They hurled their oaths broadcast about the spot.

Old men and young, with rivers mutters, creaks, In various cuts and breeks.

Once mild as any lamb— A flow of language gathering in its fount.

Which generally finished up its course By coming to a dam.

Judge then, how much my soulful breast was stirred. When you with yonder virile Tory tongue.

Waited, harmless word Deep from the bottom of your powerful lung.

God!—I might think it must have been to see A saint around a tee.

Or, when about to put And missing just to hear upon the wind.

No mild explosive of a heathen kind, But a wet, plaintive "Tut!"

Ah! and if you might only do the Politically speaking, in the House. And in a graver game.

Keep every passion quiet as a mouse. If only, when amid a human heat, You jumped upon your feet.

And, like the silver linings, Gave a soft answer in a seething mob.

(I own it cannot be an easy job) And merely muttered "Hoos!"

—London Truth.

"The Railroad Centre of the West. Seven main lines running through, Bay in the Smith-Jones subdivision, one block from the business section. Lots \$75, \$5 down and \$5 per month."

This is a quotation from an advertisement I came across the other day. The community in question having to my knowledge about five hundred people at present. We have all read scores like it, each decorated with a map showing so many railways branching out in different directions that one wonders how a farmer will be able to get his wheat into town.

If only, when amid a human heat, You jumped upon your feet. And, like the silver linings, Gave a soft answer in a seething mob.

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Apparently we are on the eve of a gay little flurry in Society. You realize this as you slip down town, or wander in to any of the fashionable dressmakers, and have to wait an hour or so for a fitting. Then there Mr. McCarty, of Calgary.

From here, more women than ever before have announced their intention of going down for the winter, while there is a very considerable interest manifested as to what is going to follow. It is a rather good sign this, as it means that gossip and intrigue may catch their breath between whiles.

This week, of course, will be one grand rush, has been, since Monday, when Mrs. T. W. Lines had a small, but very smart tea for her guest, Mrs. McCarthy, of Calgary.

Tuesday, Mrs. Gantley had the president of the American National Council of Women, Mrs. Bennett receiving with her, when a great many callers had the pleasure of meeting a very interesting woman, if one can judge from the few words it is possible to sandwich in with a guest of honor, on even an ordinary reception day.

The same day Mrs. Emery's sister Mrs. Beckett, received with her, when a constant stream of callers dropped in to pay their devotions. Then out to Mrs. Farquharson's large tea, where the World and His Wife crowded the cosy house, and made the far West-end look as if another descent of the Children of Israel had wandered in to take possession. In the evening Mrs. Farquharson had an informal dance for the younger set, and Mrs. Harold Richards a bridge in honor of her mother, Mrs. Irving and Mrs. Macdonald, of London.

Eng. Wednesday, Mrs. D. L. Scott entertained at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. McCarthy, of Calgary. Thursday was the formal opening of the House, and the Premier's reception in the evening.

Friday, the afternoon Bridge Club which met at Mrs. Charlesworth's, and the Assembly dinner in the evening, and Saturday, will be Mrs. Duncan Marshall's large reception.

All this makes no mention of small functions and dinners, small but proportionately enjoyable, all of which too take time and thought, and a deal of preparation.

The visit of five prominent Calgary women in town, at one time, means, without saying, that there will be a great deal of entertaining done in their honor.

Mrs. Burt Woods, Mrs. Sisley and Mrs. Van Wart are already well known to a great many Edmontonians, Mrs. McCarthy less so, and Mrs. Nolan to very few. Wherever Mrs. McCarthy goes, she brings with her a legion of friends, and I am sure at Friday's dance and the Premier's reception will be tremendously admired.

I could whisper of bridges to be, luncheons, etc., but will wait until next week to go into particulars. About the middle of next month the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club are putting on Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Lovers," in which Sir Charles Wyndham, Irene Vanbrugh and Mary Moore delighted Londoners a few years ago.

It is the intention of the Amateurs to compete for Earl Grey's dramatic prize, in the annual competition to be held this year in Winnipeg, some time in April. The male members of the club boast some particularly strong actors, among them, while the women, who have had practically no experience, show a good deal of promise.

By the way, we grow more like New York, or Calgary—every day. Calgary people think it's one and the same.

This week Mr. McCullough, of the King Edward, opened up a delightful grill-room in conjunction with his hotel. Here guests of the house and outside people, can enjoy a delicious late supper with all the comforts of a home-like surroundings, without the bother of getting it up.

To the members of the House, who must often feel faint after listening to so much clonchance in Parliamentary halls, a little supper should make a special appeal, while theatre-goers and hostesses with tiny houses and little help, should find it a happy solution of many difficulties.

The Grill is not to be what so many grills are, a rendezvous for riotous little parties, but is intended and will be kept strictly for those who want a late supper under the best of auspices.

A ball-room is another innovation to be added to this very progressive hotel. So you see, if we will only be patient, we may yet rival Calgary's claims to being the metropolis of the Last and Biggest West.

There has been a vast deal of talk as to what is the suitable attire to wear at a reception, such as the Premier's on Thursday evening. There really shouldn't be any question. Open any book on Etiquette (please don't give me one, I'll tell you before the mother still is using, he cried out: "If you don't give it to me before I count ten, I'll tell. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten." His mother, still refusing, he shouted: "My pants are made out of the window curtain.")

Young Bride—I didn't accept Harry the first time he proposed. Miss Ryval—No, dear, you weren't there.

A writer in the Metropolitan Magazine tells of this most flagrant case of blackmail.

"I was taking lunch with a friend of mine recently who had a small boy about three years old," he writes. "As a very special favor, and to please me, his mother allowed him to come to the table, telling me that she could not promise that he would behave in the proper manner, as she had never tried him before."

The boy behaved very well until the dessert came on the table. As this proved to be ice cream, his favorite dish, he wanted to have a second dish. His mother refusing, he said: "If you don't give me some, I'll tell on you. The mother still refusing, he cried out: "If you don't give it to me before I count ten, I'll tell. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten." His mother, still refusing, he shouted: "My pants are made out of the window curtain."

Preaching from the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep," the clergyman stopped in the middle of his discourse, gazed upon his slumbering congregation, and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the loneliness of which the Lord appears to have for so many of your number."

Mr. and Mrs. A. MacVillie of Chicago, arrived in Saskatoon Thursday after a four thousand mile auto trip. Miss Georgia E. Mackie, of

(Continued on page 4.)

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PURE AS HONEY
DELICIOUS MORSELS
Of pure and fresh of the bright
sunshine, that floods our factory.
The most exquisite and delicious
confections made.
W.J. BOYD CANDY CO
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A shipment of nice fresh goods just in today. Try a box.

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Clearing out this Department entirely, ANY COAT IN STOCK AT LESS THAN COST PRICE.

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Our Cut glass is the product of the best factories, it is quite noticeably by its brilliancy and fine cutting. Come in and see these beautiful goods.

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Phone 2485
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Turner's Orchestra
For Dances, etc.
785 Fourteenth Street
Phone 2033

The Premier's Reception

"Never saw anything so like a London crush in all my life," said an Englishman, as we stood at one side of the long reception room in the Premier's house on Thursday evening.

Not only did the World and His Wife seem present, but their children and their children's children. From outside, as one approached the house, it seemed to be ablaze with lights while an unending stream of people poured in at the little gate, and were silhouetted against an ordinary window passing and repassing.

To write of such an assemblage of beauty and brilliance is next to an impossibility. One caught a familiar face, saw an elaborately dressed coiffure, here an exquisite gown, without a face to identify it, and a sea of humanity would hurry one on, and gown, face, coiffure, would be swallowed up in the encompassing flood. Stargazed enough, crowded at all times as the rooms were, sometimes somewhere, one ran across all the friends one ever knew, and the beauty of the decorations at any time obliterated.

It is of course well known to everyone in town under what tremendous difficulties the Premier and Mrs. Sifton labored, to have this first reception at all.

They have only just taken possession of their house, and since then, between planter and alterations and (furnishing with all the usual set-backs and delays, it seemed as if a reception at so early a date, would be out of the question. But Mrs. Sifton knows no such word as "impossible" and on Thursday the house had all the appearance of having been settled and occupied for an indefinite period.

The floral decorations were superb. Entering the hall one came upon the staircase twined in and out with trailing, delicate vines, and here and there every few steps great, tall-handled baskets of ferns and daisies reminding one more of a rustic stairway into some ivy-clad sylvan retreat, than the handwork of clever decorators of an ordinary wooden staircase.

Everywhere were great palms and banks of cool green ferns. In the Premier's den, they filled the fireplace and banked the tall mantle. In the reception room they transformed the room into a great Paradise, while every little space was hung with white mums, carrying out the color-scheme of the lovely Rose du Barry furnishings. The walls of the reception room are a soft green, and the decorations against these, the soft blendings of Rose velvet and quaint chintz hangings, stood out in beautiful relief. A rendezvous at all times eagerly sought was the conservatory, where myriad rows of flowers gaily abloom, formed a happy background for the soft sheen of satins and chiffons of exquisite frocks.

The dining-room was another cozy sitting-out corner, and here, as elsewhere, flowers and palms again abounded. But it was downstairs, in the cheery crimson and white supper-room, that the crowd was greatest, and the decorations the most striking.

The room is a spacious one, and the color-scheme of crimson and white has been carried out to the minutest detail. On the plate-rails quantities of rare brass form the sole attempt at decoration.

On Friday, the long supper-table in the centre, carried out the cheery tone of the room. Running diagonally across the table, on the handsome damask cloth, was a wide crimson satin ribbon streamer, while in the centre on a beautiful lace centre-piece, rested a huge basket of crimson and white roses, and ferns, the four corners holding smaller baskets of the same fragrant flowers.

Two tall magnificent Sheffield-plate candelabra of three branches each held crimson candles, while candies, ices, etc., were in the prevailing tones.

Turner's Orchestra did their best to play the assemblage of their feet, and very nearly succeeded. Certainly our orchestras are coming on. To a quiet retiring life, was a revelation to his friends, as he stood, hour after hour, waiting everyone a happy word of welcome to his home, and getting in a little chat every time the opportunity allowed. Apparently, he was delighted to make the acquaintance of so many new friends at the Capital, and one is not giving away a secret when one writes that here is a home where the latch-string is always hanging out ready for the friends of the house.

The gowns worn by the house party were all notable ones. Mrs. Sifton's was a magnificent creation of blue lace over white chambray satin, with black velvet butterflies studded with pearls and sapphires as a garniture. A little Juliet cap of pearls and sapphires completed this elegant toilette.

Mrs. Clarke Dennis was stunning, and her Paris frock of hand-painted net over chambray satin, with fine diamond and pearl ornaments set off her plump, attractive face admirably.

Mrs. Nolan was regally lovely. With her glorious hair and a long gown set off with rare old Limerick lace, with a long scarf of the same pattern and a hat of a Duchess. Mrs. Slay's costume was a particularly charming one of black embroidered net in a long dress, over softest black satin. Some beautiful pearls and a corsage knot of

crimson roses completed a very smart and striking toilette. Mrs. Van Wart's gown was a Worth creation of pale blue chambray satin, with veils of flesh-colored tulle, some exquisite silk net lace and her jewels, some splendid diamonds, including necklace, with a very interesting history.

I cannot attempt a description of any but a few gowns as my space is already more than taken up. Mrs. Cross' frock of old blue satin veiled in black net and cut steel with a black velvet band at the neck with brilliant buckles, was easily one of the loveliest to be seen.

Mrs. Mitchell, the Attorney-General's wife, was very handsomely gowned, her toilette being of black jetted sequins over white satin with a corsage bouquet of crimson roses.

Mrs. Smith of Calgary, who came as her guest, was also in a very striking gown of black sequins over satin, with crimson roses on the corsage.

Mrs. Marshall wore a very pretty frock of pale blue satin veiled in softest grey-chiffon.

Mrs. Hutton of Vegreville, was frocked in becoming pink.

Mrs. Sifton will announce her reception day later, and will receive once a month.

HOSPITALS FORTY YEARS AGO

(R. W. Bruere, in Harper's Magazine.)

Even among professional philanthropists, it is not generally realized how literally the phrase "scrap them" has applied to our traditional methods of disposing of the industrially maimed and unfit. For many generations our practice has been not unlike that of the Romans, who exposed their aged and infirm slaves to death by the elements upon an island in the "Tiber." Take for example, the early history of New York's greatest public charity, Bellevue Hospital, which during a considerable part of last century was the general city poor-house. "There," the records of the institution tell us, "in buildings intended for general almshouse administration, were congregated in our sickening mass, destitute, the prisoners, the victims of all forms of infectious and contagious disease, the insane, and the sick dependent children of the city." And how truly that "sickening mass" was regarded as a merely scrapheap, the case of the inmates bears witness. In the midst of the glorious sixties, when the nation was aflame for the abolition of African slavery, an epidemic due to the complete lack of all sanitary arrangements, raged in Bellevue.

"The patients," relates a visiting physician, "had been removed to one of the garret-like wards immediately beneath the roof. The shingles were broken, and the beds, on account of the great number of victims had to be placed so closely together that the drip-pans, which were employed to catch the floods of rain could no longer be kept on the floor but were placed upon the beds. The treatment consisted chiefly of stimulation, and the raw ward whiskey was used for this purpose. On one occasion, in the dead of winter, I visited the ward, and ordered an increased ration of toddy for all the patients because of the intense cold. There was no suitable means of heating the garret. Early the next morning, fearful that disaster might have overtaken my patients, I rose and struggled to the hospital through a blinding blizzard which had been raging since the afternoon before. On climbing the last step and opening the creaking door, I encountered a horrible sight. My two nurses, foul, debauched, penitentiary prisoners—lay in a drunken stupor upon the floor. Snow had drifted in through the cracks in the rotten roof, and in great white sheets about the room. It covered the dirt. On some of the beds it had been in part brushed away by the dying patients. On twelve beds its surface was unbroken. The nurses had drunk their patients' liquor, and during the night twelve victims had died."

VIKING'S NAME

The Winnipeg Saturday Post takes up the matter of the names of euphonious and otherwise, which sometimes inflicted on Western Canadian towns by the mis-guided energy of the railways and other public individuals. The Post mentions Viking as a case in point and says: "The statement that Viking is a Scandinavian settlement, would probably be strenuously denied by the inhabitants." This is one case where the Post is taking up the wrong tree, however apposite its remarks may be in respect to other towns. For a long time there was no end of a controversy over the name Viking. Meighen was selected by the G. T. P. Harland occupied practically the same site at the present town of Viking, and which of the three names should go down to posterity, was puzzled. The majority favored the time-honored name of Viking; and by persuasion

led the G. T. P. to cut out the Meighen end of it. Also Viking was, whatever it is now, a Scandinavian settlement, and the name attached was by no means unsuitable. Even yet the town is full of Oles. There's Old Lund, and Ole Hawthorne, and Ole Peacock, and Ole Field, and Ole Watson, and Ole John, and Ole Hilkner, and Ole Campbell and Ole Collison, and Ole Clark with an innumerable number of other Oles and Otons and Lars. None of these would deny the soft impeachment that Viking is, or was, a Scandinavian settlement.

PANDORA'S BOX

Pandora was a woman fair, and that is why, I wist,
The contents of that box of hers were very much like this:

A recipe for apple-pie,
A recipe for jelly,
Some motor goggles for her eyes
A novel by Correll,
A pattern for a summer hat,
In manner Chanticleer,
Two switches and a fluffy rat
For petticoat capillary,
An ad for Monday's bargain sale,
A list of the best sellers,
Some samples for a chiffon veil
In blues, and pinks and yellows
A copy of a Garden Book
Called fifty-seven roses:
A clipping—How to Give the Hook
To freckles on our noses;
A box of rouge, a powder-puff,
A kit for manicuring;

A collarette, a piece of ruff,
To make herself alluring,
A piece of satin on some lace,
A recipe for pickles;
Some Anti-Sunners for the Face,
Two pennies and some nickels,
An invitation for a tea,
With Bridge to follow later;
A roll of ribbons on a key,
Some buttons for her garter,
Some printed plates of glad array
All in the latest fashion;
A ticket for the matinee
Of some new play of Passion.
The advertisement of a jade
Who wanted a position,
As waitress or as parlor-maid,
Or, maybe, in the kitchen—
A list so long, I fear,
It never knew a stopping
Of sundry things Pandora dear
Was after in her shopping.

These are the things, I'll bet a hat,
Pandora lovely carried;
And base my guesses one, and all, on—
—well, you know, I'm married.
—Horace Dodd Gassit, in Saturday Evening Post.

CITY OF EDMONTON

VOTERS' LIST, 1910

Public Notice is hereby given that the voters' list of the City of Edmonton has been compiled and printed, and copies thereof are posted in the following places:—
City Hall, Post Office, Ingwood,
Lambert's Office, Park St. Street,
Railway Waiting Rooms—21st Street,

90th Street, and Alberta avenue, Dexter's store, 112 Jasper W. Chas. Hall's store, corner of 7th and Jasper; Capital Mercantile Store, corner of 4th and Jasper; Kelly and Moore's Store, 50 Jasper E.; Ross Bros. Hardware Store, 341 Jasper E.; W. D. Jones & Son, 805 First St. E.; Edmund Leman's Store, 41 Saskatchewan Ave. (Ross Flats); North End Store, Norwood Boulevard; Armstrong Drug Store, 429 Nemo Ave.; Speer's Store, 875 4th Street; Nohel's Store, 1036 Third Street; and Lovett Bros. Store, 1019 Jasper E.

The Voters' List for the current year contains four polling divisions, a sub poll in each—eight polling booths in all. Polling division No. 1 contains all west of Ninth Street; Polling Division No. 2 contains all between First and Ninth Sts., and River Lot 4; Polling Division No. 3, all east of First and South of Clark except River Lot 4; Polling Division No. 4, all east of First and North of Clark.

All appeals must be served on the Assessor before 12 o'clock noon of November 15th, 1910.

THE CITY COMMISSIONERS will sit at a Court of Revision to revise the said Voters' List on Tuesday the 15th day of November, 1910, at 3 P. M. Forms of Appeal can be seen on the second page of the Voters' List, and blank forms can be obtained at this office.

D. M. McMillan, City Assessor.
Edmonton, November 5th, 1910.

The Mason & Risch Piano

THE SUPREME EXPONENT OF MODERN PIANO MAKING

In our forty years' experience of high grade piano making it has been our privilege not only to embody the finest knowledge of our illustrious predecessors in our instruments, but by the invention of several notable improvements, one, by hearing the stumpy of genius, to endow the Mason & Risch with such exclusive beauty of tone as to win for it a title, "The Piano with a Soul." The Aliquot System of perfect tonal balance and enrichment is the ultimate possible improvement in tone production—by this means the utmost measure of rich, mellow, exquisitely sonorous music, of which tone is capable, is secured and retained during the life-time of the instrument.

Easy terms arranged to suit each purchaser

MASON & RISCH PIANO CO. LIMITED
Factory Branch, 55 Jasper W.

There Is Too Much Difference in Pianos to Buy Merely a Piano

OUR PIANOS ARE STANDARDS OF MERIT AND VALUE

Oftentimes a used or second-hand piano of a favored make is preferable to a new one of a less trustworthy brand.

A compelling display of upwards of 50 splendid Bargain Pianos awaits your choice in our parlors. Many are practically new and all are in the best of condition. Grands, Players and uprights of all varieties of upright are among them. They are priced lower than you would expect for such sterling values.

Easy monthly payments arranged

MASON & RISCH PIANO CO. LIMITED
Factory Branch, 55 Jasper W.



WHY NOT ENTERTAIN WITH AN INFORMAL GRAM-O-PHONE MUSICAL?

"Gram-o-phone Afternoons" are becoming popular with discriminating hostesses. The variety of the 3,000 selections afforded by Victor Records make such affairs pleasant backgrounds for informal "four o'clock-teas" with



Victor & Berliner

(\$15 TO \$250—EASY PAYMENTS IF DESIRED)

DOUBLE-FACED
Victor Records
(two in one) sell for 90c.—you can buy them that way if the combination pleases you. Send us 10c. extra, and we will forward a sample by mail.

You can entertain your guests with selections by Molba, Caruso, Sembrich, Eames, Scotti, Schumann-Heink and a host of other great artists. Make them sing for you in your own drawing-room; the volume can be adapted to any room. Or, if you prefer the latest popular airs of the day, you'll find them on Victor Records too. Go into a Victor-Berliner store and hear them played; be sure to hear the Victrola.

BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO. LTD. - MONTREAL

When Thinking of Xmas Gifts, Remember the Gram-o-phone and this





HASSAN

Cork Tipped
Cigarettes
The Oriental Smoke
Ten for ten cents
Smokers have caught on to their low price
and fine quality

REALLY ILLEGIBLE

One of the best stories of bad handwriting is told on Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras." A certain club, says a writer in the San Francisco Call, desired to have the poet address the organization at an annual affair, at which an elaborate program had been prepared. The secretary addressed a letter to Joaquin, telling him of the purpose of the gathering, and requesting his co-operation. He was scheduled for a recitation.

In due time there came an answer from the poet. It was in his own hand and covered four pages. In vain the secretary pored over the manuscript. He turned it over to

and the members in turn, but all the president, the board of directors failed to decipher his scrawls. The question before the club was, "Has Miller accepted or has he declined?" The secretary finally took the matter into his own hands, and addressed the following note to Miller:

"My Dear Mr. Miller. Your letter received, but I have been unable to determine whether you have accepted or declined our invitation. If you will be present on the date mentioned, will you kindly make a cross on the bottom of the letter? If it will be impossible for you to appear will you kindly draw a circle?"

In due time the letter came back but the secretary could not decide whether it was a cross or a circle.

Fire Insurance

ROBERT MAYS

Room 5 Crystall Block, 42 Jasper Avenue, W.
Phone 1263 EDMONTON

The People of Edmonton

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$100 and upwards). Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit. All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.

A special room is provided for women.

Married Women and 30 hours may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000 Capital Subscribed \$5,628,700
Capital Paid Up, \$5,400,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,400,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper
Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West
Your Savings Account is solicited.
G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK
Manager



Vacuum Cleaner Co.

have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.

R. Kenneth, Agent
EDMONTON MATTHEWS CO.
619, SECOND STREET

THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO., LTD.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
Private Chapel and Ambulance
133 Rice Street Phone 1525

Music and Drama

The death occurred in Toronto not long ago of Mrs. Daniel Morrison, a woman who did much for the city but of whom the present generation of citizens know little. As Miss Charlotte Nickerson was a very accomplished actress, retiring from the stage to marry a Toronto journalist, Mr. Morrison in the latter part of his life, was editor of The Daily Telegraph, Mr. J. Ross Robertson's first paper. On his death she undertook to establish a first-class theatre in the city and the Grand Opera House was built as a result of her efforts. In these latter days it is not the home of the best attraction that visit the city but no old Toronto needs to be told of the place that it once held. The greatest actors and actresses in the world have all been found at different times on its stage. When Mrs. Morrison undertook her enterprise, Toronto had but 50,000 people and the difficulties of maintaining a high-class playhouse were by no means small. But she was able to introduce an entirely new theatrical era for the city and the present community of 400,000 does well to honor her memory.

Our Alberta cities are approaching the stage Toronto had reached when Mrs. Morrison took hold. Owing to the distance that companies have to travel, development may have to be slower here. But there is a great opportunity for some devoted lover of the stage to undertake such a mission in our midst as that performed by this singularly talented Toronto woman.

The all-Canadian tour is becoming popular with artists living in England. It has enabled us to hear H. B. Mark, Hammer, Marie Hall and others. Now it is to be extended to the drama, and early in the New Year no less a celebrity than Edward O'Connor Terry will visit us.

Ten weeks, from the time he opens his season in Halifax during Christmas Week, until the close of his tour in Vancouver, the famous English character actor will not so much as cross the border line, but will devote himself entirely to the Canadian cities.

Though Edward Terry is not a member of the family that includes Ellen Terry and so many other well-known players, he has a name of his own that is truly formidable. He is indelibly associated with the part of the hard-drinking solicitor in one of Pinero's earlier plays, "Sweet Lavender," a role he created and has played several thousand times. He is also known as the proprietor and manager of Terry's Theatre, London, the scene of many of his most pronounced successes.

Terry was born in London in 1844. His stage debut was made at Christ Church in 1863 as Wormwood in "The Lottery Ticket." He was engaged at the munificent salary of fifteen shillings a week, of which three and sixpence was all he ever received. His second engagement was more profitable. For eighteen shillings he played eighteen parts in a single week at the Grand Theatre, which, besides singing four songs which he wrote himself, between the acts.

After early engagements with Irving, the elder, Sothorn, and Toole, he scored a real hit in a play called "Catching an Heiress." From that time on his progress was rapid. By 1887 he had his own theatre. His third production at Terry's was Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," which enjoyed a run of 670 consecutive nights during its first run, and which, "The Magistrate," "The Innocents Abroad," "Love in Idleness," "The Passport," and "The House of Bernardine," are some of the other well-known plays he has produced. He has visited America only once before.

During his present tour, he will use a repertoire of his most successful productions. The plays to be included have not, as yet, been announced, but it is a safe gamble that the delightful old Pinero comedy "Sweet Lavender," will head the list. A characterization of its leading role is a distinct masterpiece.

In answer to the charge that dramatic criticism is apt to be too harsh and dictatorial Sir Herbert Tree declares that the theatre gets off much easier in this regard than it used to and says that if actors still get hard knocks at times they ought to bear them for the sake of so welcome a change.

"A hundred years ago the dramatic critic could criticize with a vengeance," comments the London Star. "And one shudders to think of what would happen if his methods were revived today."

Turning to old newspapers of the year 1810 we find him declaring that the audience at Covent Garden was being treated to bad plays and worse jobs. A correspondent was allowed to express an ardent desire that the town would not have its feelings outraged by so frequent a repetition of good characters, vividly played—this referred to Shakespeare's—nor its common sense outraged by the introduction of costume and scenery grossly misapplied. The indignant theatre-goer had seen Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing," arrayed in the full dress uniform of a British infantry officer.

"The prominent features of Mr. Pinero's impersonation of the 'Time Lear' is said by the critic to be his vulgarity."

A new opera at the Lyceum is

blatantly described as being a variant piece of dullness as ever sent to the stage. Concerning an unsuccessful play in the same house we read that of all the wretched dramatists of the day he was in the respect of his poor ability, and that was in his capacity as manager.

The management of Covent Garden was taken to task with great acerbity. Everybody, according to the critic, was struck by the star part of a good female performer. The manager, and it was Kemble, was accused of permitting a tragedy to be "shined" and whittled by a succession of as pretty-faced musical performers as were to be found in the tier class of any theatre of the level.

"The piece, 'The Bridal Ring' by F. C. C. had been hissed, it was said, by a creative audience, and yet the critic boasted of its brilliant success. The critic could only hope that at the next performance the audience would show the author that he could no longer be stumped with success, and the manager that he could not tell untruth with impunity."

"It need scarcely be said that no intelligent person would like to see such annals of criticism revived. In the first place, effective censure can best be applied without the aid of a bludgeon, and if the wretchedness of a play or the incompetence of a performer has to be exposed, the shortcomings of the one or the other should be condemned without personal vituperation."

But these are elementary canons of criticism. At the same time it must be distinctly understood that a dramatic critic has a duty to perform. The more thoroughly he does it, the better for the stage, for the public and for every one concerned.

It is certainly not so the permanent interest of the drama that the applause given either by the audience or in the press should be extravagantly in excess of the merits of the play or the player. At the present day, both in respect to literature and the drama, the arts might perhaps be added—the real danger is not that merit should be overlooked, but that mediocrity should be honored and advertised with a distinction which it does not deserve."

Those who have seen that wonderful old 15th century morality play "Everyman," will be much interested in learning that a modern play along the same lines entitled "Everywoman" has been written by Walter Browne and will shortly be produced in New York.

MIGHT BE WORSE

They sing of melancholy days, the saddest of the year, And tell us in pathetic verse the aforesaid days are here. To requiems to the dying flower they mournfully give birth, And say we've nothing left at all to beautify the earth. Can they not see the ornaments old Nature designs to send, The treasures which to autumn days such floral beauty lend? For have we not, when other flowers meander up the flume, Chrysanthemums and football hair in simultaneous bloom? —Denver Post.

THE "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED"

One of the most artistic folders issued by the Grand Trunk is a brochure just out giving information regarding the "International Limited," which is heralded as Canada's fastest train, as well as its finest. The booklet is prepared in most attractive style, well printed and illustrated, while the aesthetic relation of type and illustration is maintained to a notable degree throughout. The "International Limited" is a familiar one to Canadian, as well as American travellers, but as shown in the latest publication of the Company, it is not merely interesting but attractive. A full description of this train between Montreal and Chicago is given together with all the information regarding time and accommodation, that any passenger could require, the whole tastefully put together and artistically illustrated. A copy of it had been on application to A. J. Duff, G.A.P.D., Winnipeg City, Man.

T. A. RUSSELL RETURNS

Motored Over Two Thousand Miles Over Western Prairies. Optimal of Western Conditions

Mr. T. A. Russell, general manager of the Canada Electric & Motor Company, has just returned to Toronto from a prolonged visit to the West. He came on with the Mann facturers' excursion party and afterwards visited the many cities in the western provinces in the course of which he toured in an automobile equipped with two thousand miles in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba which enabled him to visit a number of towns he would not otherwise have seen, and so he was able to make thorough observations of the conditions throughout the country.

"Generally speaking," Russell said to a Toronto reporter, "business seems to be in a sound, healthy condition and prospects for the coming year, especially good. The motor car I found greatly increased in popularity and the demand a few years ago was altogether for the cheaper makes of cars today at almost every point there is a call for heavier and more powerful machines as they seem to be required for the prairie service."

"I am not surprised at this, because when weather conditions are good, there are no roads so pleasant as those of our Western Prairies."

For Your Receptions and At Homes

We have some lovely flowers

Roses

\$1.50 to \$2.50 per dozen

Carnations

\$1.00 per dozen

Lily of the Valley

50 cents per dozen

Chrysanthemums

White or pink, \$1.00 to \$4.00 per dozen

Phone 1292

and have your flowers sent

Ramsay's Greenhouses

Drink

Duffys' Pure

Malt Whiskey

A Medicine for all Mankind. Highly Recommended by Physicians and Druggists for its Absolute Purity and great Worth in Disease.

SOLD BY

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.

245 JASPER, EAST

PHONE 1911

THIRTY BLENDS

ALL TESTED

YOU TAKE NO RISKS

NATIONAL BLEND TEAS

Are Blended in Edmonton, Suit the Water, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

TRY A PACKAGE

SEE FOR YOURSELF

We don't want you to keep the tea if you are not suited.

SOLD ONLY AT THE

NATIONAL BLEND TEA STORE

803 Namayo Ave.

Phone 2753

year, especially good. The motor car I found greatly increased in popularity and the demand a few years ago was altogether for the cheaper makes of cars today at almost every point there is a call for heavier and more powerful machines as they seem to be required for the prairie service."

"I am not surprised at this, because when weather conditions are good, there are no roads so pleasant as those of our Western Prairies."



Wainwright

FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY Wainwright will make one of the Leading Cities of Western Canada Investments in Wainwright Property will prove Highly Profitable

Trade Centre of Rich Farming District

WAINWRIGHT is situated on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific in Eastern Alberta. It is 127 miles east of Edmonton and 200 miles west of Saskatoon, and is easily the largest, busiest and best town between those points.

WAINWRIGHT is but 12 years old, yet it has 1,000 population, property assessed for taxation at \$750,000, half a mile of cement sidewalks, an \$18,000 brick school, two brick yards, substantial business blocks and residences, some of them constructed from home-made brick, two big hotels, and all the various lines of business that go to make up a live, bustling town.

WAINWRIGHT has tributary to it one of the finest farming districts in Alberta—a district especially adapted to grain growing, mixed farming and ranching. Of the 100,000 acres immediately tributary to the town, 50,000 acres are the choicest Alberta Red wheat land which produced an average of 22 bushels to the acre in 1910 against an average of 15 bushels for all Western Canada; 30,000 acres are suitable for mixed farming, and 20,000 acres are the finest grazing land on the continent.

WAINWRIGHT territory includes a portion of the famous Cut Knife country, admittedly one of the finest farming sections of all Canada. But a small percentage of the land has been broken up, but the yields of grain, vegetables and root crops have been enormous. Yields of 40 to 50 bushels of wheat and 75 to 90 bushels of oats are not uncommon, and the quality is the best. No finer potatoes are grown in the Dominion. The climate is tempered by the Japan Current, there is plenty of precipitation during the growing season, and the long summer days and hot sunshine are conducive to rapid growth of vegetation.

Distribution Point of many good Towns

WAINWRIGHT is rapidly achieving renown as a wholesale distributing point, and it is well known that it is distribution that makes cities. As a distribution centre, Wainwright is without a rival between Saskatoon and Edmonton. It enjoys a decided advantage over the latter point in through freight rates, an advantage which big concerns have been quick to realize.

WAINWRIGHT, although but two years old, is the distributing centre for four large concerns—the International Harvester Co., the Massey-Harris Co., the Imperial Oil Co., and A. McDonald & Co.,—who use it as a base from which to supply the retail trade for a distance of 50 miles east and 70 miles west on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

WAINWRIGHT will be the head and operating base of the Battleford Branch of the G. T. P., to be built along the fertile valley of Battle River, north of the town. This branch will tap one of the oldest and one of the richest agricultural sections of Alberta, and will make an important contribution to Wainwright's trade territory. The new towns that will spring up along this line will look to Wainwright for their supplies, and the products of this district will go to Wainwright to reach the Main Line of the G. T. P. for shipment to eastern and western markets.

WAINWRIGHT retail merchants will be enabled to buy goods as cheaply at home as they will in Edmonton, and by saving the local freight on them, will have a considerable advantage over competing towns.

Divisional Point of G.T.P. Ry.

WAINWRIGHT is one of the principal divisional points on the Grand Trunk Pacific Main Line. That the railroad company expected it to be an operating base of no little importance is evidenced by the fact that it located there a 12-stall roundhouse, repair shops, a \$120,000 depot and 14 miles of side tracks.

WAINWRIGHT has about 80 resident railway employees, and their monthly payroll is approximately \$7,000. Practically all of this money is paid to Wainwright merchants, or is put into Wainwright real estate and improvements. As traffic on the Main Line of the G. T. P. increases and with the opening up of the Battleford Branch, the force of resident railway employees will be largely increased.

WAINWRIGHT, being division headquarters, is the home of not only train crews, shopmen and trackmen, but of superintendent, roadmaster, foremen, dispatcher, clerks and other officials who command good salaries and are a substantial addition to the business and social life of a town. Many of these railroad employees have built good homes in Wainwright during the past year, while a large number of them are putting a portion of their earnings each month into Wainwright real estate as an investment.

WAINWRIGHT has a wide-awake, energetic class of business men who, through the local Board of Trade, are unceasing in their endeavours to advance the interests of the city. The city officials and councillors are men of the same stamp, and permanent and substantial character of all public improvements show that they believe in the town and in providing for its inevitable growth in population.

Location of National Buffalo Park

WAINWRIGHT is the location of the Canadian Government's National Buffalo Park, the largest herd of Buffalo in the world. This park, which adjoins the town on the south, contains 110,000 acres of fine grazing land, fenced with an 8-foot woven wire fence which alone cost \$75,000. In the park are upwards of 800 Buffalo, gathered together from various points, principally from the few remaining herds and groups in the States. Recently as told in the press dispatches, a shipment of 20 head was received from Montana, where the entire Pablo herd, the largest on the continent, was purchased. The park contains also several moose, deer, and other animals.

WAINWRIGHT, because of its Buffalo Park and other points of interest to visitors, is destined to become one of the leading attractions for tourists on the continent. It has now the only remaining herd of Buffalo worthy the name. Under the conditions in the National Buffalo Park it is believed that the animals will multiply in numbers, and that as a result of the action of the Dominion government in establishing this park, the extinction of the North American Bison will be prevented.

WAINWRIGHT and the Buffalo Park will be featured in the advertising of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and in the literature of the Dominion government. With two such institutions as the greatest transcontinental railway on the continent and the Canadian Government back of it, there is little likelihood that the world will be allowed to overlook Wainwright.

Grand Trunk Pacific

Now Makes Its First Offering of Lots in Sub-Division Adjoining Original Townsite of Wainwright

Wainwright Has Never Been Boomed

You do not remember having seen before any newspaper advertisements offering for sale lots in the Grand Trunk Pacific Townsite of Wainwright. It is a fact that this is the first time that the G. T. P. has undertaken to call the attention of the public, especially to Wainwright. Nevertheless practically all of the original townsite, laid out by the railroad has been sold, and for several months past the G. T. P. has been importuned to put this subdivision on the market, in order that additional desirable building sites close in and convenient to the school and the churches might be available.

Wainwright, like Topsy, "just grew." It grew because people who were convinced that it would be the site of an important city, therefore a good place to live in, a good place to transact business in, and a good place in which to make money on real estate investments. Not having had a boom, Wainwright has never had a basket. It has grown steadily every month, it is still growing, and will continue to grow.

During 1910 fully 100 buildings have been erected, among them being several modern frame and brick residences, costing up to \$3,500. In September, 25 buildings were in course of construction or under contract to be completed this year. Already many new buildings have been planned for next year. There is not a vacant house in town, and there is a demand for rental property of all kinds.

Millions Made in New Towns

A hundred million dollars was made in 1910 by investors in town lots in Western Canada towns—not by people who thought about investing, but by those who actually invested. This enormous sum represents the increase in value of town property resulting from the growth of the towns and the development of the surrounding country.

At least a hundred millions more will be made in 1911 by those who invest in town lots—not by those who just think about investing, but by those who actually invest. You can pick out any of a score of Western Canada towns and they will point out to you lots which sold a few years ago at \$100 to \$300, which to-day are worth \$1,000 to \$10,000. Take any of these towns—Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Lethbridge, Brandon, Prince Albert,—fortune have been made by scores who invested a few dollars in town lots when these towns were young.

There will be immense development in Western Canada in the next few years. It is a country capable of supporting many millions of people—a country of practically unlimited natural resources to be developed. These coming millions must have trade centres where they can market their products and from which they may draw their supplies. Scores of the towns of today will tomorrow be cities with more thousands of inhabitants than they now have hundreds. Real estate values grow with population. There are fortunes awaiting those who buy now and participate in the advance.

The Time to Buy for Big Profit

The time in the history of a new town to buy for big profit is after its permanency has been assured, and before it has reached the stage where its future growth is discounted in real estate values. The opportunities for the investor of moderate means do not exist now in Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw, Regina, Saskatoon and such towns that existed a few years ago. They have reached the point where their growth for years to come has been discounted, and where real estate values are based not alone on what they are, but on what they are expected to be.

Investing in a brand new town there is always the risk that it will not amount to much. The time to invest—the only safe and sure time—is after the town has demonstrated that it has behind it forces which will insure its success, and before real estate prices are based on what the town promises to be rather than on what it is.

Wainwright is just now at the stage when real estate values are based on the present, and when buyers can depend upon reaping the benefit of future growth. In a few weeks Wainwright will be one of the best known and most talked of towns in Western Canada. Investors who have not heretofore had their attention called to it will be seeking investments there. Those who buy now will have the full benefit of the rush for lots which is sure to come soon.

The prices fixed on the lots in the new sub-division are low. The object is to build up the town, attract business men and merchants, mechanics and professional men and capitalists. The G. T. P. will reap its reward, not from the money received for these lots, but from the increased traffic which it will secure in and out of Wainwright.

Buy Now and Get First Choice

This advertisement marks the beginning of a campaign of publicity which will direct the attention of investors throughout Canada and the States to Wainwright. Naturally the fact that the G. T. P. has to offer at Wainwright is included in this sub-division—THE FIRST SUB-DIVISION ADJOINING THE ORIGINAL G. T. P. TOWNSITE that has been offered. This sub-division immediately adjoining the original town, which is built right up to it. The new \$18,000 school house occupies a block right across the street from this sub-division. The block recently purchased for the site of a new Catholic church is right across the street from it.

Every lot in the subdivision lies well. The addition is high, overlooking the town, and practically level, open prairie. It is not necessary for purchasers to specify the particular lot or lots they desire. Wire your reservation, stating number of lots and price you wish to pay. We shall select the best lots for the price. We have a representative who is familiar with the ground and the choice lots will be selected in the order in which applications are received.

If the selection of lots made by our representative is not satisfactory, the Grand Trunk Pacific stands ready to give you your choice of the remaining lots at the same price, or refund all your payments. WE ADVISE THAT YOU DO NOT DELAY, BUT TELEGRAPH RESERVATION AT OUR EXPENSE. Let remittance follow by next mail. In this way you will get the pick of the choice lots. A delay of a day may mean a difference of a block in the location of your lots.

Russell Sage, who accumulated an immense fortune, said: "Real estate is an imperishable asset ever increasing in value. It is the most solid security that human ingenuity has ever devised. It is the basis of all security and about the only indisputable security."

Andrew Carnegie says in the "Empire of Business": "Ninety per cent. of all millionaires become so through growing real estate. More money has been made in real estate than from all industrial investments combined."

Hetty Green's advice to women is: "I advise women to invest in real estate. It is the collateral to be preferred above all others, and the safest means of investing money."

INFORMATION COUPON (Wainwright Dept.)

International Securities Co.,
644 Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Please forward to me by return mail full particulars regarding the sale of town lots in the subdivision to the original townsite of Wainwright, which is just being placed on the market.

Name

Address

Information for Purchasers

Main Street lots are 50x130 feet. Inside lots on Main Street, \$125; corners \$150. Other lots 50x140 feet. Inside lots \$75 and \$100; corners \$100 and \$125.

Send 10 per cent. of price with application; remainder in nine monthly payments.

Be Sure to mention WAINWRIGHT in your Telegrams and letters relating to these Lots.

APPLICATION BLANK FOR PURCHASE OF WAINWRIGHT LOTS

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.,
Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man.

I hereby make application to purchase lots at the price of \$..... each, and enclose herewith remittance for \$..... being one-tenth the trial purchase price. I agree to remit the same amount each month for nine consecutive months.

I desire your representative to select for me, out of the subdivision which you have just placed on the market to the original townsite of Wainwright, what he regards as the best lots remaining unsold.

Name

Address

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Jasper's Note Book

After an absence from the columns of The Saturday News extending over the better part of a year, I desire to re-introduce myself. As before, it will be my task to pass to the view what has been happening in the Twin Cities of the North, which we hope before very long to see one great city, the largest between Winnipeg and the coast. Since last I wrote for this paper, great changes have been brought about. With its future at no time within the last half-dozen years in doubt, there was a period during from the summer of 1907 and extending into the present year when Edmonton's progress was not all that its people looked for. Its population continued to increase at a rate which, in comparison with other parts of the continent, was very remarkable. But, as compared with some other western cities, conditions were not wholly satisfactory. It is unnecessary to analyze these. We all know their nature. No one has suffered greatly and the city has stood up under it magnificently, but it has been a time of stress.

Today there is a different story to tell. Everything is moving our way and Edmonton is really coming into her own. Some of the changes required but for those who have exercised it, the reward is bound to be great. After all, was it reasonable to expect progress at a more rapid rate than has actually been achieved? What could make Edmonton a large centre except the opening of the country west and north. It is on this that our whole future is based and it is only now that we can look forward to having this take place on a large scale in the immediate future. The Grand Trunk Pacific has tapped the enormously rich coal areas which lie between the city and the Yellowhead and several million dollars is being invested in mining enterprises there, which will mean the speedy appearance of a large industrial population in that direction. Into the district lying to the northwest of the city a constant stream of settlers has passed all through the summer. Many have penetrated into the Peace River country, despite the fact that at present it means a journey of between three and four hundred miles for the railroad. But no one doubts that the latter will soon come to their relief. In the meanwhile the wagon journey is so lessened to a very considerable extent. Roads are being built north from Edwinstown and Edson on the Grand Trunk Pacific, which will bring Grand Prairie within 135 miles of a steel highway.

From Edmonton north the A. & G. W. must soon, after a year of unfortunate and unnecessary delay, be pushed forward, and communication opened up with one of the greatest waterways of the world, tapping a territory of vast potentialities.

On top of all is the crossing of the North Saskatchewan by the C. P. R. What it means to the development force no one who has lived any time in the west should need to be told. To the city itself the constructive

office on Monday, my mind reverted to a night five years ago when I stood in line for two hours, waiting for the general delivery ticket to open, in the building on Jasper at opposite Queen's Avenue which then did duty. There was the one mail a day and a large part of the population was jammed each evening into the small space available for the public. The clerks and the clerks and their work with everything piled over everything else and the wonder was that any person ever got the mail matter that was coming to him. Today what a change! A building that challenges comparison with the best in the country. A delivery service not all that it should be because the department doesn't supply the requisite number of carriers, but still such as to be a source of great convenience with the distances to which population has stretched out. Mail is all hours, over three lines of railway. The evolution from the village to the city state is gradually being completed all along the line.

With the situation as described, it is a wonder that the first entry in this new edition of the Note Book is to the effect that Edmonton is closing the year with a most buoyant spirit prevailing everywhere and an assurance that despite what has been accomplished in the past, we are just beginning to realize what is in store for us?

The Greater Edmonton movement will not end there. An effort is being made on each side of the river which at present is bringing about an amalgamation of the two cities. A Dominion census takes place in June and the present session of the Legislature is to the effect that we cannot receive all the prestige which our growth warrants. Immediately the two cities are bound to be a good many living in one city and working in the other. Under these circumstances union is inevitable. Why not recognize this and bring it about before next June? It is too late to take advantage of the present session of the Legislature. But another one will probably be held on towards the spring. The Strathcona Plaindealer contains a very significant article dealing with the settlement on that side of the river. "As a matter of fact the amalgamation bug is very active," it says. "Likewise it cannot be denied that some few of those merchants who last spring talked very convincingly against the idea of affiliation with the lusty rival on the north bank, are now ardently in favor of throwing in our lot with that self-same rival, for better or for worse. This number is undoubtedly still in the minority in the city, but it is worthy of note that the said minority is not so small as it was twelve months ago."

Our neighbors to the south are working on a Greater Calgary bill. It is only three years or so since they were talking about taking in certain suburbs and now they propose to include several others. Glenaville, Killarney, Parkdale and Happyland among them. Population isn't everything, of course, but it counts for much all the same in giving the outsider confidence in the city. Edmonton had 2,000 population at the last decennial census. A growth to 30,000 by next June, a figure of old South Edmonton as well as the rest of us, if 37,000 or 38,000 could be reported instead. The two cities constitute the one centre, with identical interests, and they ought to act together in bringing about what is bound to promote the common welfare.

As I walked along the handsome and roomy corridor of the new post-

office on Monday, my mind reverted to a night five years ago when I stood in line for two hours, waiting for the general delivery ticket to open, in the building on Jasper at opposite Queen's Avenue which then did duty. There was the one mail a day and a large part of the population was jammed each evening into the small space available for the public. The clerks and the clerks and their work with everything piled over everything else and the wonder was that any person ever got the mail matter that was coming to him. Today what a change! A building that challenges comparison with the best in the country. A delivery service not all that it should be because the department doesn't supply the requisite number of carriers, but still such as to be a source of great convenience with the distances to which population has stretched out. Mail is all hours, over three lines of railway. The evolution from the village to the city state is gradually being completed all along the line.

WHY THE JILKINS MOVED

Now the Jilkins don't know this day why they had to leave a few of their nice flat. All they know is that towards the end of the season the owner of the building grew strangely peevish. He wouldn't speak to Mr. Jilkins and he seemed to shudder and grow pale whenever he saw Mr. Jilkins coming and fled wildly into the hallways or down the street. But at any rate when Mr. Jilkins dropped around to see the lease for the next year, the agent received him coldly and said he had rented the apartments to other parties. When Mr. Jilkins wanted to rent some other apartment in the building the agent was sorry, but he suggested with great bunks of ice in his deep bass voice that Mr. Jilkins had best engage his apartment in some other building. Mr. Jilkins pleaded and then begged, but the rest was silence. So the Jilkins moved. This ends the story. To understand why the Jilkins could not persuade the agent to let them lease their flat for another year, we must go back a few weeks before the thrilling events recorded in the last chapter.

The Jilkins were giving a dinner. It was quite a formal dinner, and among those present was Blobley. The Jilkins were quite liberal with their champagne and champagne was Blobley's particular failing. He drank deeply and became immensely happy. He told some of his shrieks of wild merriment, supplied entirely by himself, and then performed numerous tricks for the amusement of his kind hosts and other guests. He needed a cane for one of his tricks, and went down to the long hall to get it. In the reception room at the end of the hall was a telephone which jingled just as Blobley was selecting a cane out of the rack. Blobley considered it his duty to answer the telephone and just as he put the receiver to his ear and heard a voice saying, "Hello, hello, Mrs. Jilkins, hello," Blobley assumed a fine soprano voice and answered, "Yes, hello, I am Mrs. Jilkins, what is it, please?" "It is about your lease for next year," said the voice on the telephone. "This is Mr. Rentem, the owner of the building, talking. There are some other parties who want your apartments, Mrs. Jilkins, but you are the best tenant I ever had, and I wouldn't think of renting it if you want it. I suppose you don't you?"

"What," said Blobley in his most ladylike accent. "We want this old rat trap? I should say not. I don't besides we would like to live in an apartment that had a human being for an owner, and not a second storey worker that the police ought to pinch on suspicion." "Why, Mrs. Jilkins, laughed the owner, nervous. "I don't quite understand. I suppose you are joking. Why, you and my wife, I thought, were good friends." "Your wife is a fine Sumatra lemon," said the supposed Mrs. Jilkins, "but at that she's got nothing on you." "I can't believe my senses, Mrs. Jilkins," gasped the amazed owner. "Which is because you haven't any," said Blobley, happily, "he-he-he, you're not cut out for a business man. O, my no. You ought to be a murderer. And if you ever speak to me again my husband says he'll shoot you on the spot. I think that's about all!" Blobley rang off. He intended to tell the joke to the Jilkins, but more he thought about it the more he thought he wouldn't. And now if Jilkins ever finds out the truth Blobley is prepared to go to New York.—R. H. L.

AFTER THE BASEBALL SEASON

There is now no doubt but that the baseball season is over. Baseball is dead. Absolutely. This has been believed for a week or so. But the final proof in the case has now been supplied. It is this. The two strongest teams of the late Cubs had in Chicago were Frank Chance's brother-in-law Carl Pancake, and Frank Chance's white bulldog. Carl Chance being away much of the time with the team, and Mrs. Chance being afraid to have the bulldog come into the same ward where she is, Brother-in-law Pancake has been acting all summer as Keeper-Ordinary of the Sacred Bulldog. Day and night Brother-in-law Pancake and the Sacred and the traversed the streets extolling the merits of Frank Chance and telling just how the Cubs would win the round with the Athletics in the national championship. Brother-in-law would do all the talking and the sacred bulldog would growl and

show his teeth to answer all the arguments against the Peerless Leader and the Cubs.

No one during the five games for the championship did brother-in-law or the sacred bulldog weaken. Even after it was all over and the relatives had taken a last look at the remains, Brother-in-law Pancake and the sacred bulldog could be heard weeping as those that refused to be comforted, and explaining how in reality the Cubs won. Then came the last and splash.

The story is related by Mr. Bill Dragan, the amiable mixologist and philosopher of Dearborn street. "It was last night," said Bill, "about 9 o'clock, and there's quite a few in front of the prescription case. In comes Pancake and the sacred bulldog. The bulldog got sore on one of the men standing at the bar, thinking him from Philadelphia or something, and he tried to start an argument. Pancake sent the bulldog to the bench and fined him two weiner sausages and a soupbone, and to make everybody butts in and says: 'This is Mr. Pancake, he's Frank Chance's brother-in-law, and that's Frank Chance's bulldog.'"

"That so," said the stranger. "Who's Frank Chance?"

"Say! Pancake never said a word, he just turned round and walked out, and the sacred bulldog put his tail under his legs and sneaked out behind him. My! my! my! what a sad sight!"—Chicago Tribune.

DIFFICULTIES NOW AND TWENTY YEARS AGO

The Peace River homesteaders are agitating for more land. They consider that 160 acres is insufficient and that they should be entitled to 320. Their reason is that the length of the journey after leaving the railroads and the discomforts they will have to put up with for the next three or four years make 160 acres not worth the undertaking. They are justified and should be taken into consideration. We can have no personal objection to the Peace River settlers getting 320 acres. It won't take anything away from us and it will give us a chance to give good of the country it may be advisable to give it to them. But it seems not unreasonable to remark that conditions in the Peace River country today are a good deal easier and more promising than they were right here three years ago. When I arrived in April, '07, I travelled by wagon after leaving the railway. The trail-riders of his kind hosts and he were unexpectably rough, the rivers and creeks unbridged and frequently unfordable, and my adventures would be worth recording only that time I happened to meet some more graphically described by Steward Edward White, Jack London and other masters. Those who came a little ahead of me drove from Winnipeg in Red River carts, the journey covering between two and three months. After we got here we enjoyed our full share of discomforts for something like twelve or fourteen years. It never occurred to any of the old pioneers to ask for additional favors of the government. They had been made acquainted beforehand with the advantages in store for them, and they accepted this as final; the disadvantages were to be discovered by themselves, but they grimed and bore them. There can be no doubt that the period of hardship for the Peace River country will be less arduous and infinitely shorter than it was for the earlier settlers of the Edmonton district. And it is almost questionable whether it wouldn't be a more patriotic idea to allow a quarter section to be reserved (about the time of the next general election) to those who have gone through all their hardships and made good, sooner than offer it as a generous gift to the latest newcomers before they have had a chance to show their metal.—"H.D." in the Vegreville Observer.

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